

in which nice is a gift

by anincomingdisaster

Category: Hamatora/ãf•ãfžãf^ãf©

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Murasaki, Nice

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-04-18 00:40:37

Updated: 2014-04-18 00:40:37

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:57:06

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,999

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In which Nice is an annoying and adorable boyfriend and Murasaki suffers. {Murasaki/Nice} Oneshot.

in which nice is a gift

if there is no fanfic i will make the fanfic myself i am so desperate for this ship this is the struggle

sorry if there are any errors! i dont have anyone else to edit it except for myself /cough

* * *

><p>Ever since they started dating, Nice has been a bit moreâ€|affectionate, which is unusual considering the fact that the brunet doesn't seem to be a touchy-feely kind of guy.

But of course the headphone-clad man manages to find a way to prove him wrong.

Nice's random, but not entirely unappreciated, acts of affection is the not the problem per se. It's the fact that these actions performed by Murasaki's beloved boyfriend has developed into a nasty quirk that the lavender-haired man didn't think was possible of him to possess - getting nervous very quickly, especially when he was around. The misery doesn't stop there though, oh far from it. Murasaki, accompanied with these jitters, has also developed the habit of breaking anything within his vicinity.

This infuriates him like nothing else. Well, except for the fact that Nice is the only person that can make him act in this manner and he'll be damned to hell and back if the aforementioned brunet ever found out (he hopes to every deity out there that he hasn't, but those prayers will probably be in vain because Nice is a smartass like that).

And if the shorter of the duo already did find out, Murasaki is sure, never been more surer in his entire life, that he is purposely making the taller man's life a living hell. This deduction stemmed from a very recent event that Murasaki had the horror of experiencing.

* * *

><p>Murasaki and Nice have been secretly dating for awhile and publicized their relationship to the rest of Hamatora, Koneko, Master, Hajime, and Art (resulting in a 'Finally!' from Birthday and a 'Quiet, Birthday! Let them finish!' accompanied with a smack to the head, courtesy of Ratio) just recently, resulting in positive support and cheer from the gang (though everyone thought it was unnecessary because the two are practically married and it's painfully obvious).

Honey is positively beaming, though not for the reason Murasaki thought it to be. She turned to Three with the most smug smirk the lavender-haired has ever witnessed from the female.

_"Told you so," she quipped and waved her hand - palm up - expectantly. _

"Alright, alright, you told me so," Three sulked, dropping something unknown into the blonde's outstretched hand.

Murasaki watched the entire exchange, amused.

* * *

><p>The Minimum Holder cringes at the memory; the most embarrassing part is coming up.<p>

* * *

><p>Ever since their coming out as an official couple, Nice has gotten a bit more forward with his affections, especially in public (which results in Murasaki scolding the former and the brunet ignoring him the entire time)._

Murasaki was preoccupied with a magazine when he felt a breeze brush against the contour of his cheek. The touch was soft and swift, the feeling disappearing as quick as it had came.

The lavender-haired man brushed off the feeling, completely forgetting about it when his attention submerged into the article again.

_Murasaki's attention was caught again when the bell jingled as the door opened, signalling a customer - though that's highly unlikely.

-

_Murasaki took out his cellphone to show his partner the screen, already knowing who it was. "Nice, I need to show you somethi -"
_"

What occurred next, however, really got him by surprise.

_ "Murasakiiii~!" Nice sing-songed as he sped up to his beloved with the aid of his Sonic Minimum and placed a kiss directly on the addressed man's lips - right in front of Hajime and Koneko (the latter squeaked and rushed to cover the former's eyes, although she was too busy eating to notice; Master carried on uncaring, as per usual). _

_ It's when Nice pulled away that the taller man recovered from his temporary shock and managed a coherent response from the depths of his hazy mind, completely oblivious to the **crack!** that emitted from his hand. He gripped the table to prevent himself from falling. _

_ "W-Wh-hat w-was t-tha-at!?" he spluttered as a rosy hue dusted over his cheeks. _

_ Nice looked at him completely satisfied. "Ahh, Murasaki you shouldn't grip the table so hard. Master is gonna be upset if it breaks, ya know?" _

_ "Huh?" Murasaki glanced at the table to see that, indeed, he was gripping too hard, as seen by the multiple cracks that now adorned the once undamaged oak surface. _

_ "If that breaks, you'll have to pay," Master's gruff voice called out to the bickering duo. _

_ Nice chuckled at Murasaki's jolt when his face neared closer to the taller man's closed fist. "You broke your phone, too. Murasaki, you're a mess." _

_ Murasaki stared at the offending object in his grasp, alarmed at the cracked surface that glared back at him. He redirected his gaze back to brunet pointedly, only to be rivaled with Nice's complacent smirk.

_

_ "This is your fault." _

_ The taller man's temper flared when Nice had the audacity to giggle at him. "Whatever you say, **sweetie**," he added and with no delay, activated his Minimum and zoomed out of the cafe. _

_ Murasaki closed his eyes and sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose between his thumb and index finger. How did he get stuck with a guy like him? _

_ "Oh yeah, I forgot." The lavender-haired man jumped from the shorter of the duo's sudden reappearance (he was frightened more than he liked to admit). _

_ Murasaki sighed. "What is it no - _mphhh?" _

_ The man was cut off as Nice kissed him again and the moment his mind came to be, the brunet had already left. _

_ "Goddammit - NICE!" _

* * *

><p>Murasaki's face is probably a mess from all the cringing he has done. He really did not feel like re-experiencing the influx of memories that is assaulting his mind.<p>

Of course, the kissing wasn't so badâ€¦(Murasaki proceeds to initiate a sudden coughing fit from that thought he _certainly did not_ think).

After recovering from his hacking fest, the lavender-haired man's thoughts unseemly drifted to why him and Nice decided to come out to their friends in the first place.

Before he knows it, Murasaki is reliving that terrifying experience, that probably scarred him, Nice, and another unfortunate recipient of that certain ordeal.

* * *

><p>Cafe Nowhere was eerily silent when the Minimum Holder PI Duo stepped inside.

_ 'The silence is quite unnerving,' Murasaki thought, as he walked towards their signature table, Nice following close behind. _

_ There was no one in the cafe, which is really suspicious since Master and Koneko are always situated behind the bar with Hajime sitting opposite of them and munching away at any concoction that Master whipped up._

_ The duo just came back from the recent job and decided to inform the cat-girl of its completion, only to greeted by a completely deserted cafe._

_ Murasaki stopped walking and turned towards the exit, intending to leave. There's no use to be here since no one is currently present (which leaves an uneasy feeling in his gut)._

_ "Hey, Nice," he called out to gain the brunet's attention, who laid atop the bar counter fiddling with something behind it. _

_ Nice stopped what he was doing and turned to Murasaki, "Yeah?"_

_ "I'm leaving, there's no on - "_

_ Nice, however, had other plans._

_ A sudden boom and faint music was the only thing he heard before he felt a pair of soft lips on his own. _

_ Murasaki's eyes widened when his vision was clouded by auburn hair with headphones resting in the tresses, signifying that the other man had just activated his Minimum._

_ The lavender-haired man, suddenly realizing that they were kissing, spluttered and pulled away horrified, staring at Nice wide-eyed as if he had just committed a great crime._

_ Nice gazed back, his beautiful blue eyes reflecting immense confusion._

_Murasaki's cheeks burned from the intensity of the stare and averted his eyes, bringing his hand to cover the blush he is sure that is there. _

"W-What was that for?" he stuttered (honest-to-god stuttered; just kill him now), cheeks taking on a redder hue, praying that the brunet didn't catch that.

Nice didn't seem to notice (if he did, he sure did a good job of ignoring it since that was perfect blackmail material) and decided to enlighten Murasaki's bemusement.

_"What's wrong? Like you said, there's no one here, so there's no point in being embarrassed." Once the brunet stopped speaking, his eyes widened in sudden realization. _

"Unlessâ€|" Nice trailed off, his aquamarine eyes downcast. It's as if his entire mood has gone sour.

"Unless, what?" Murasaki inquired, worried about his partner's sudden mood change.

"â€|you don't like kissing me?" Nice finished, his voice going shaky at the end. He seemed to notice his falter and looked up, blue eyes staring directly into Murasaki's own surprised purple ones. The crestfallen expression he wore before was replaced with a stern frown.

Great, now his boyfriend is upset. Murasaki felt like an asshole.

"No!" He coughed, trying to calm himself and spoke again once he regained his voice, "no, it's just thatâ€|I'm a bit new to this, that's all. I enjoy k-kissin-ng you and all that. It's kind ofâ€|" he faltered, trying to find the right words to say without further hurting the other man.

_"It's alright," Nice interrupted, his face empathetical.

_

Murasaki gawked at Nice, not expecting him to be so understanding. He was eternally grateful for the man's compassion.

"I'll stop being so, uhâ€|**forward**." The shorter male blushed from his own declaration.

Despite of himself, Murasaki smiled. Seeing Nice like this, so flustered and cute, was really making his day.

He strolled to the other and wrapped his arms around Nice's waist, pressing each other chest-to-chest. He tilted his head down and captured the brunet's lips with his own.

_Saying that Nice was shocked was an understatement. _

_When Murasaki pulled away, he found his voice, "W-What? I thought you didn't w-want t-toâ€|" he drifted, hoping the other would catch the message. _

The lavender-haired man smirked. "I just wanted to show my affection. Is that so wrong?"

Nice smiled in return. "Of course not." He stretched his arm around Murasaki's neck and used his other hand to tug his face down for another kiss when -

" -aster! I found what you wante - "

While the two were busy having a heart-to-heart, they failed to notice the doorbell jingling, signalling the arrival of a visitor.

And there, in front of them was Hajime, holding two shopping bags, one in each hand, mouth slightly agape at the scene in front of her.

The two men were still shocked and stood there, arms remaining entangled with the other. Minds finally fully functioning, the two broke apart at a speed that rivaled Nice's Sonic Minimum and shouted simultaneously at the poor girl.

"This is not what you think! It's Nice's fault!"

"Yeah Hajime-chan - wait! No it's no - !"

"That doesn't matter! Hajime, forget everything that you just witnessed!"

"Don't shout at her!"

The raven-haired girl placed the bags wordlessly on the floor and walked through the door, right out of the cafe.

Murasaki swore he heard her mutter something among the lines of 'I knew it.'

"GODDAMMIT NICE!"

"WHAT?! NOT EVERYTHING IS MY FAULT YOU KNOW!"

* * *

><p>Hajime smiled at the bickering once she was out of the mens' line of sight. Boy, did she have a story to tell Koneko.

>.

-. _

fin.

* * *

><p>ah yes i have succumbed to the murani; there's no saving me

End
file.